A diſconſolation.

WEary with toyle, I haſte me to my bed,
The deare repoſe for limbs with travaile tired,
But then begins a journey in my head
To worke my minde, when bodies work's expired.
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keepe my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darkeneſſe which the blind doe ſee.
Save that my ſoules imaginary ſight
Preſents their ſhaddow to my ſightleſſe view,
Which like a jewell (hunge in gaſtly night)
Makes blacke night beautious and her old face new.
Loe thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for my ſelfe, no quiet finde.
How can I then returne in happy plight
That am debard the benefit of reſt?
When dayes oppreſſion is not eazd by night,
But day by night and night by day oppreſt.
And each (though enemies to others raigne)
Doe in conſent ſhake hands to torture me,
The one by toyle, the other to complaine
How farI toyle, ſtill farther off from thee.
I tell the Day to pleaſe him thou art bright,
And do'ſt him grace when clouds doe blot the heaven:
So flatter I the ſwart complexiond night,
When ſparkling ſtars twire, not thou guil'ſt th'even.
But day doth daily draw my ſorrowes longer, (ſtronger
And night doth nightly make greefes length ſeeme.

When

When in diſgrace with Fortune and mens eye
I all alone beweepe my out-caſt ſtate,
And trouble deafe heaven with my bootleſſe c
And looke upon my ſelfe and curſe my fate.
Wiſhing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends poſſeſ
Deſiring this mans art, and that mans ſkope,
With what I moſt injoy contented leaſt,
Yet in theſe thoughts my ſelfe almoſt deſpiſin
Haply I thinke on thee, and then my ſtate,
(Like to the Larke at breake of day ariſing)
From ſullen earth ſings himns at Heavens gat
For thy ſweet love remembred ſuch wealth
That then I ſcorne to change my ſtate wit

Cruell Deceit.

SCarſe had the Sunne dride up the deawy m
And ſcarſe the herd gone to the hedge for ſh
When *Cytherea* (all in loye forlorne)
A longing tarriance for *Adonis* made
Vnder an Oſyer growing by a brooke,
A brooke, where *Adon* us'd to coole his ſpleen
Hot was the day, ſhe hotter that did looke
For his approach, that often there had beene
Anon he comes, and throwes his Mantle by,
And ſtood ſtarke naked on the brookes gree
The Sunne look't on the world with glorio
Yet not ſo wiſtly, as this Queene on him: